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# The Wesleyan

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The year's at the Spring  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with His world!

—*Browning*

[*Editor's Note:—The Juniors and the Sophomores have buried the hatchet forever. They are the joint authors of this April number. May their efforts prove pleasing!*]

## The King is Dead—Long Live the King!

EUNICE THOMPSON, '25.

"I simply will not let myself be argued into that, Janet—that's all there is to it!"

You would have thought this was final if you had seen the Reverend Allan Armand's look of determination as he said it, and,—if you had not known Janet. Probably it was because he did know Janet that the Reverend Armand thought it necessary to add force to his statement by repeating,

"That's all there is to it!" which decided refusal would have completely quelled most meek little minister's wives, but disturbed Janet not in the least.

"Just six hens," she pleaded, "and one rooster," in a tone which showed Allan more clearly than words the utter brutality of any man who would refuse any woman so small a thing as six hens and one rooster!

He fired a last shot before his surrender,

"But you know what a fuss the Johnsons and the Masons had over chickens and gardens," he said, "I can't be quarreling with the congregation on my very first charge!"

"Of course not," Janet agreed, "but you can wire them in and I will not let one of them so much as cast a longing glance in the direction of a garden!"

You would have *known* this was final if you had seen the sparkle of joy in Janet's brown eyes—and, if you had known Allan.

As he thought it over afterward, Allan decided that it was not, after all, as bad as most of Janet's hobbies; not half so bad, for instance, as her craze, a month before, for making rag rugs, when she tore into inch-wide strips every tearable article in the house. No one could explain these strange "schemes" of Janet's, not even Janet herself. When they had talked it over together



before coming to Wintersville, as the most shockingly young couple the parsonage had ever known, Janet had promised to be, at least on the outside, the most conventional of little parsonage wives. And she was—with one exception. She had never overcome that trying habit of jumping, with no reason whatever, from one hobby to another. Janet was as fine a little cook as any man could wish, but when the spirit moved her to make rag rugs, or conduct canning clubs of the little girls in the neighborhood, Allan was as likely to find a sandwich and a glass of tea on his return from a strenuous round of calls as the hot supper he had been expecting.

Janet had an odd way, however, of making everybody see that the only sensible plans in the world were *her* plans, and by morning Allan, full of surprise that he had never before realized what unalloyed happiness lay in the price of six hens and one rooster, postponed his call on old Mr. Jackson and went to see a neighboring farmer about the purchase of all earthly satisfaction.

"Them's fine birds," the farmer declared as he placed them in his wagon for delivery, "Ye'll never be sorry ye bought 'em!"

Allan did not altogether agree with him. In fact, his doubt as to the wisdom of his step began that very night, when Janet insisted that work on the new chicken-house begin at once by the light of the moon and a smoky lantern. It increased the next morning at breakfast when Janet explained the absence of Allan's favorite buckwheat cakes by saying,

"Well, you forgot to get any food for them, and I thought perhaps the flour would do. Don't forget to bring some chopped corn when you come home."

It became no longer a doubt but a certainty when Janet met him on the steps at lunch with the awful news that the largest white hen, in her eagerness to put away more corn than her sisters, had swallowed a string by mistake, and must be caught and separated from it at once.

So things went on, Janet's entire time being occupied with feeding and caring for King Solomon, as the rooster had been duly named, and his six quarrelsome wives. Allan gently hinted one morning that his memory of Janet's biscuit was



growing dim, and wondered sorrowfully how long chickens were accustomed to live, but it profited him nothing, and Janet left him to pour the coffee while she went out to find where Blacky had made her last nest.

Conversation in the parsonage, no matter how it started, invariably went back to King Solomon, his health, his diet, his unusual voice, his tail feathers. For of all the seven birds, he was Janet's favorite, and in him was her chief pride and joy. Allan felt a strange resentment in his heart at playing second fiddle to a rooster, albeit he was the King of Fowldom, and chafed under the forced attitude of friendship he must assume.

He was glad, therefore, when a break in the monotony appeared in the form of Bishop Wayne, the staid, dignified head of the Methodist Church, who had been a professor of Allan's, and who honored him now with a two-day's visit in passing through Wintersville.

Janet, inexperienced though she was in parsonage ways, had entertained a sufficient number of the "brotherhood" to be able to tell, at first glance, whether her guest was to be a pleasure or a trial. She placed the Bishop at once in the list of "Difficult Company." He was one of those unapproachable persons, who are never comfortable anywhere, but Janet determined that if he could find nothing in her neat little parsonage of which he could approve, he should certainly find nothing deserving his disapproval.

She found it necessary to rise with the sun in order to prepare breakfast for both King Solomon and the Bishop, but she willingly did it, and, although Allan begged her to "rest for just a *little* while," she barely stopped for a deep breath before church time. Only when she had settled herself in her pew and had heard Allan introduce his guest as the speaker of the morning did she begin to realize how tired she was! Her shoulders drooped wearily, but her thoughts kept repeating,

"Not a single thing wrong! Not even *one* burnt biscuit! Nothing he could possibly find fault with! If only the roast browns nicely before church is out!"

Forceibly, Janet turned her attention to the reading of the Scripture, and began to wonder vaguely if he intended to read

every word of the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew. From all appearances he did, for the droning voice went on as if it had no intention of ever ceasing,

“—Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended.”

Suddenly, Janet became aware that all was not well. The eyes of the congregation were turning in the direction of the door, and instinctively hers followed them.

Horror of Horrors! In the center aisle, his proud head flung back in full realization of his own importance, his white tail feathers gleaming in the sunlight, stood King Solomon himself in all his glory! Without so much as a patronizing glance at the astonished congregation, the King of Fowldom began his stately march down the aisle. In his imagination he must have been hearing the strains of Mendelsohn's Wedding March, for he never faltered in the steady tap-tapping of his yellow feet on the carpet.

Janet sat rigid with terror. Straight to the altar stalked the self-satisfied King Solomon, and, with a careless flap of his white wings, balanced himself comfortably on the railing. This proved too much for the pent-up emotions of the congregation, and a half-dozen smothered *o's* were heard. The Bishop, however, was plainly embarrassed and disgusted, and Janet saw with a flush that he glanced accusingly at Allan as if to say, “Why on earth did *you* bring me to such an uncivilized place?”

Evidently he decided to make the best of a bad situation, for he returned stoically to the reading of the Word.

“—And immediately the cock crew.”

At this moment, with almost human intelligence, King Solomon glanced at the Bishop, swelled his white breast, and emitted the most perfect cock-a-doodle-doo he had ever achieved. This was decidedly the last straw. The stifled giggles burst into screams of laughter, and the poor Bishop stopped in confusion.

Suddenly Janet, clenching her fists with indignation and rage, sprang from her seat and rushed furiously toward the unsuspecting rooster.

“You—*You!*—”

She grabbed him uncerimoniously by the neck, and carried



him, fluttering and squawking, out of the side door.

\* \* \* \* \*

At one o'clock, Allan stuck his head in the kitchen where Janet, in a blue-checked apron, was busy over the stove.

"The Bishop was called away, dear," he announced, "So you needn't hurry dinner."

No reply from the figure in the blue-checked apron.

"Can't I help you, Janet?" There was a strange note in Allan's voice, but he knew that he dare not laugh.

"Yes, set the table," came from the region of the blue-checked apron.

Allan turned toward the dining-room, and, as he did so, glanced at the frying-pan over which Janet was bending. In it, he discerned, surrounded by bubbling brown gravy, two drumsticks and a wing.

King Solomon's day was over!



## The Truth About St. Patrick

ELIZABETH WINN, '25.

"Tell me something about St. Patrick."

"Oh, he drove the snakes out of Ireland."

Which was absolutely all the information we could get by word of mouth. The response to the question seemed almost automatic, and no less universal. Numberless individuals of all ages, ranks, and sexes, were interrogated, all with the same result. Hence this article. It became clear to the writer that our education along this line had been woefully neglected. Although it is undoubtedly true that to rid a country of its snakes and toads is a great work and beneficial (especially to summer campers), yet even such illustrious deeds as these would hardly render the doer worthy of canonization. So for the benefit of those referred to above, and for others who are probably enjoying a similar condition of ignorance, we should endeavor to set forth just exactly what St. Patrick did for Ireland.

St. Patrick was born in Scotland, near Dumbarton on the Clyde, about 396 A. D. When he was about 16 years of age, the Romans were recalled from Britain. By the withdrawal of these protecting legions, the Irish were given an opportunity to ravage the neighbouring coast. In one of their expeditions St. Patrick was taken captive and carried to Ireland, where for six years he remained a slave, tending sheep. At the end of this time he escaped and returned to his home.

Soon after Patrick's return he became a convert to the Christian faith. He was filled with missionary zeal, and had visions of redeeming Ireland. Here was truly divine inspiration. Patrick had suffered for six years at the hands of a brutal pagan people. But, instead of using his great genius, as most men would have done, to stir his own nation to war against his oppressors, this noble man, guided and supported by the religion of Christ, consecrated his life to returning for the evil which his persecutors had done him, the greatest good that can be done a nation. From the black darkness of extreme paganism St. Patrick turned Ireland to the blessed light of a religion of love.

But there were obstacles to be overcome before this could be accomplished. St. Patrick went from Scotland to France and from there to Rome, where he studied for years. At last he was consecrated bishop and was ready to begin on his life work.

When St. Patrick, with a few followers, arrived at the Irish coast, he landed first at Wicklow. But he was not received at all kindly here, and, seeing this his work would not prosper, he soon departed. However, his dauntless spirit was not one to allow him to stop at the first rebuff. He went again, this time to Strangford Lough. He landed there and immediately began upon his work of Christianizing Ireland, truly meriting the title "Apostle to Ireland."

Soon after his arrival, he lit a fire on a high hill to celebrate Easter. His fire was seen at Tara, not far distant, where the king was residing. As it was the law then that no fire could be lit before the king's beacon fire was started, a messenger was sent from Tara to fetch the trespasser. Thus it was that at Tara St. Patrick opened his ministry, easily confounding the Druids in argument. It was here that he made his first convert, a young boy, who afterwards became a bishop. In a short time multitudes were following him. Whole clans were baptized at a time. It has been said, "Never was a spiritual conquest so astonishingly complete."

Many miracles have been ascribed to St. Patrick through myth and legend. Unfortunately, as there were no contemporary historians, we cannot vouch for the validity of these. But the greatest of all his miracles was the fact that St. Patrick was able to accomplish anything at all. His achievements were stupendous. He came, an utter stranger, unarmed and alone, to a people devoted to heathen practices and firmly believing in them, and in a few years he had completely changed their belief and mode of living. Merely human means could not have done so much. A thing more miraculous could scarcely be imagined.

One great thing that St. Patrick did for Ireland was to revise the old pagan code of laws. He requested that this revision be made and was appointed one of nine to produce the new code, which was called the *Lenchus Mor*, sometimes known



as Patrick's Law. For the brutality of the pagan law was substituted the law of compensation. We find here an instance of Patrick's great broad-mindedness and tolerance. He never arbitrarily destroyed the laws and customs of the Irish people, but only changed them when they interfered with the Christian teachings. The original *Lenchus Mor* is lost, but for years it was supreme law in Ireland.

St. Patrick's work for Ireland is enough to make us marvel, but when we consider the results of this work in relation to other countries, we are filled with awe at what the influence of one man can bring forth. St. Patrick and his followers not only established churches, but also monasteries and schools. From these went out learned scholars to all parts of the world. Students came to Ireland from Gaul, Britain and Germany, and were allowed to stay in the school without cost. People began to look more and more to Ireland as an intellectual and religious centre. "New religious houses looked not to Rome but to Ireland, and quoted instructions not of Gregory but of Columba." Surely, here is something more worthy of remembering St. Patrick for than the mere fact that he drove the snakes out of Ireland.



## The Violet

AILENE CORRY, '24.

*'Twas just a tiny violet  
But, O, such joy it brought  
When plucked by One who understood  
How Nature hides her thought—  
Hides, yet reveals it ever  
To those who choose to find,  
Hides, yet gladly gives it  
To seekers at her shrine.*

*This fragrant little flow'r  
Held sympathy and love  
Needed by its finder  
More than great gifts above  
For, homeless was He among men  
And oft did walk alone,  
Yet cheered was He, to find that day,  
This flow'r with beauty blown.*

*It eased the pain within His breast,  
It stilled His aching heart,  
It loosed His soul from out its bonds  
And brought it from the dark.  
And so, we too, may gain a peace  
That will be freely giv'n  
If we but search in Nature's realm  
For messages from Heav'n.*

**"La Plainte de la Pluie" from Madelene au Miroir****By Marielle Finayre**

TRANSLATED BY MATHYLDE WILSON, '25.

In the subdued light of my bedroom I awake, and the first sensation which reaches my benumbed consciousness is a light pattering of water on the leaves, a faint crystalline sound of dripping. The door, softly pushed, half opens. I perceive a white apron, a tray of breakfast, and a voice, in the most lamentable minor key, says,

"Good morning, madame,—It is raining again today."

And my children, already up, run in. They have scarcely kissed me before they begin to grumble,

"It is raining! We can't go out in the English dog-cart. We can't go bicycling."

Moreover, the gate of the courtyard grates on its hinges. The postman, wrapped up in his cape, brings the mail. He is late, this good postman, but when one expresses to him his regrets, he snorts and replies,

"In a time like this, this profession is not so pleasant! One splashes about, slides, gets dirty up to the knees. And rheumatism is worrying me. It is raining! It is raining!"

I open the morning mail. Some illustrated cards, postmarked from all parts of France, bring me the laments of my friends. One is in Brittany, where it is raining! Another is in Auvergne, where it is raining! The others are in Normandy, in Burgundy, in Provence, where it is raining! And all record, in brief lamentations, their opinion of this "disgusting summer." And I say to myself, while thinking of the long wet hours which are going to drip their seconds between the sad dawn and the sadder evening,

"What am I going to do? I am weary already. It is raining. It is raining. It is raining!"

A light clicking, as a tapping of small fairy-like fingers, sounds against the bluish window-pane. On turning my head, I see nothing, at first, except the large linden-trees, of a dark green; the lawns of another shade of green, more vivid and



fresher looking; the gay colors of the geraniums; a mass of nasturtiums; which have all the colors of a flame; and the tall blades of larkspur which have all the tints of old, delicate porcelain, washed-out rose, faded blue, dead violet.

There is no one in the wet, soaked garden. There is only the twilight which is weaving a large spider-web on the low sky. Who, then, is calling me?

I hear again that musical tapping, and directly against the window, I distinguish a figure, colorless as glass, liquid as water, the small figure of a sylph whose hair, the color of clear, smooth silver, falls off her iridescent robe.

She speaks, in a monotonous tone, but so clearly!

"Listen! I am Rain, queen of these melancholy days, spinner of fogs and dreams, friend of the beautiful spongy mosses, of the green frogs, of the mushrooms brown as the earth, red as the slug, pale as the bark of the birch-tree. Men detest me because I oppose them in their pleasures, because I force them to remain at home among people whom they pretend to love, and with books they pretend to admire, or alone, with themselves. During several days, condemned to seclusion, they have time for thinking, for meditating, for talking, for reading, for keeping quiet. I separate them from the exterior world. I reduce them to their own resources, I force them to look within their souls!

"They look and see nothing. — Where are their hearts? Scattered, wandering outside. They are empty as the dried head of a poppy which contains black ashes.

"That abyss of nothingness which they discover in themselves makes them dizzy; their own company makes them yawn. They look around them. The library is full of volumes, but a taste for reading is not usual, and the books please only if they are funny like clowns. Every serious book is a friend that is in the way, whom one esteems but is not able to listen to long without impatience.

"This is why men fear me. They say of a bore: 'He is tiresome as rain'. But you, who are seated over the fire in a charming room, what can you preach me with, ungrateful one?

"This morning, on awakening, you complained about me. And yet, the day has passed so quickly, so pleasantly for you, that it has not put one shadow on your spirits, one wrinkle on your forehead,

"I have defended your door against undesirable visitors; but your friends, coming unexpectedly, were rewarded for their courage. They have found your house more peaceful, your reception more affectionate.

"Your children, deprived of their sports, have come closer to you. You have felt their little warm, tender hearts, pressed against your own.

"You have answered those letters which have been accumulating on your desk for three weeks. You have played that sonata of Beethoven which you prefer to all other music because it is full of memories, because it awakens, in your moved heart, your adolescence which sings and which weeps.

"You have read the old-fashioned poets which the women of the present day no longer recognize. Your shining crochet needle has made flowers from wool according to your fancy.

You have tasted the delight of solitude and of silence. You have searched your heart and the goblins of the fire, the roses in the vases, the smiling portraits of the walls, they alone, know that you have wept.

"What sunny day has given you such spare time as this, and this delicate enjoyment of having lived by yourself, with yourself, for yourself, without selfishness and without weariness?"

The sylph with smooth silver hair, with the robe of iridescent crystal, was still speaking and her little fingers were still tapping on the window, when the maid brought in a light and suddenly closed the shutters. I no longer heard anything save a murmuring complaint,

"It is raining!—It is raining!—It is raining!"



## The Works of Lady Gregory

LOIS BAKER, '25.

Lady Gregory's name has become a household word in America and her works should occupy an exclusive niche in every library. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, in a recently published interview, said, "Lady Gregory is the greatest living Irishwoman. Even in the plays of Lady Gregory, penetrated as they are by that intense love of Ireland which is unintelligible to the many drunken blackguards with Irish names who make their nationality an excuse for their vices and their worthlessness, there is no flattery of the Irish; she writes about the Irish as Moliere wrote about the French, having a talent curiously like Moliere."

Lady Gregory is the youngest daughter of Dudley Perse of Roxborough, County Galway, and in 1881 she married Sir William Gregory, formerly member of Parliament for County Galway and for Dublin, and Governor of Ceylon. He died in 1892. Lady Gregory edited his letters two years later, and subsequently launched upon a literary career. In 1898 appeared "Mr. Gregory's Letter Box," an edition of the letters of William Gregory, her husband's grandfather, who had been under-secretary of State for Ireland.

About this time the movement which came to be known as the Irish Literary Revival held the attention of all those who were interested in national literary history. Through her friendship with William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory became deeply engrossed in this movement and soon occupied a conspicuous place in its promotion. Her first important contributions were her translation of "Cuchulain of Nuirteinne" (1902), and "Gods and Fighting Men" in which she displayed that rare felicity of translation and keen sympathy with her subject which became the distinguishing characteristics of her later work.

It was in connection with the Irish Literary Theatre (now the Abbey Theatre at Dublin) that Lady Gregory's best talents were displayed. Her lively dramatic sense and ability to render fluently the quaint turns of the Anglo-Irish idiom, combined

with her rare judgment and managerial ability were important factors in making the venture permanent. The story of the persons interested and of the struggle of the theatre to maintain itself is told in her work, "Our Irish Theatre" (1913).

Lady Gregory rendered constant assistance to Yeats, collaborating with him in "The Unicorn and Other Plays"; and also if George Moore's testimony can be accepted, in "Kathleen in Houlihan" and "A Pot of Broth." Her other works comprise folk tales, essays, and plays, among which may be noted "Ideals in Ireland," a series of articles by prominent Irish authors, of which she was the editor (1902), "Poets and Dreamers" (1903), "The Golden Apple" (1916) and others. In 1911-12, and again in 1913 Lady Gregory visited the United States with the Irish Players and was enthusiastically received.

"The Witchery of Yeats,' the vivid imagination of Synge, the amusing literalism mixed with the pronounced romance of their imitators, have their place and have been given their praise without stint. But none of these can compete with Lady Gregory for the quality of universality. The best beauty in Lady Gregory's art is its spontaneity. It is never forced. She has read and dreamed and studied, and slept and wakened and worked, and the great ideas that have come to her have been nourished and trained till they have grown to be of great stature."—*Chicago Tribune*.



[Editor's Note:—We are indebted to Miss Elizabeth Winn for this delightful peep into the life of a former Wesleyan girl. It might be interesting to compare it with the present status of Wesleyan students.]

Wesleyan Female College,  
Macon, April 21, 1868.

My Dear Aunt Etta:

I would really like to know what you do think of me anyhow! Do you think that I have fallen a prey to some direful disease; that affliction has wasted my strength and power over my limbs? You certainly don't suppose that I am in love and have become indifferent to all else save the object of my affection! You *know* that I love you and have not forgotten you even if my long silence does seem to prove that I have. No, no, the cause of my not writing isn't to be found in either of the above mentioned, but perhaps you would like to have a reason for my seeming indifference. Well, at the first of the term I did not know how to direct your letters. I wrote to Aunt Clara to find out. Some time elapsed before her answer came, and some time more passed before an opportunity of writing presented itself. In the meantime there came a day of general rearranging of furniture, cleaning out of trunks, burning up and throwing away of rubbish, etc. I remember to have burned a quantity of old letters, rough sketched of compositions, and the like, and think the one containing your address must have been among the number, as it is not to be found. Here's my excuse. Am I forgiven? I do not know yet how to direct a letter to you, but, hearing that you did not know how to interpret my long silence I concluded to write and send the letters to Aunt Clara to be mailed. I have chosen this rainy Tuesday for the carrying out of my plan. It is very dark and dreary out of doors but not so inside. You should just see our cozy little room now! It is really cheerful and homelike looking. Winter and spring have met here and contributed to our enjoyment and comfort. On the table by me is a large bowl full of the rarest spring roses, on the bureau, for we are blessed with this convenient article of furniture, there is another beautiful bouquet, giving such a pleasant air to the apartment. These are spring's gifts. It is just cold enough for fire, and we have a delightful one; oak wood

fire at that. But I forget that you have an oak grove in front of your house. The flowers and the fire, together with several merry faces, make sunshine enough indoors to dispel the gloom cast over our spirits by this dreary weather. But now for the news. Where shall I begin? For there is so much that I may well say *where*. Perhaps I would better begin at home affairs as it is to be supposed they are the most interesting. I receive letters from fair Quitman every week and now and then hear an item or two of interest to one who has made that place her home long enough to become acquainted with the most important of its citizens. In the first place Ma and Pa are well and usually write very cheerfully; now and then the tone of their letters indicates that the dreadful blues have control over their minds, but I suppose these are only temporary clouds, and that the first wind that brings a little company along with it disperses them. I wish they would visit more. It seems to me that life to them would be more pleasant if passed more in the society of their friends. Man certainly was made to enjoy the society of his fellow man, and when he is surrounded by neighbors, neighbors, too, who would contribute to his intelligence and refinement, I believe it to be a duty to mingle with those neighbors and to win their love and esteem. I preach this doctrine to Ma and Pa but it produces but little effect so far as action is concerned. Ma speaks of coming to commencement and going from here to Greene, Newton, *Scriven* and Effingham. This is very uncertain, I suppose, as money is so very scarce with us. If this plan is not carried into execution, however, I have one to propose that strikes me as being very nice. It is this: that you meet me at Uncle Tom's and go home with me and spend some time among the friends of young ladyhood. Aunt Clara can be prevailed upon to go, I think, and it would be so nice. Of course, you would take Bella and your baby boy and Miss Lou would go as a companion for me, that is if she could abide such a romp as I am for that length of time. Consider my scheme and tell me what you think of it.

I believe I started to tell you the news, pardon this digression. Well, now, let me see. Perhaps the most startling is, that Mr. Josh Harris is at last married, and just guess to



whom! Unless you have heard before I might as well tell you, for unless you are keener than I give you credit for being I know you will never guess. To no other than Mrs. Fannie Hendson, Mr. Billy Hendson's widow. Many were astonished at the match. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Pierce. He, the bishop, was in Quitman at the time; preached twice, greatly to the delight and satisfaction of the people. Madame Rumor says that Alice and Mr. Perham, a young merchant of Q—, are to be married soon. Few believe it as he is a noted flirt, and as apt as not is deceiving her. Since Mrs. Bentley's marriage Mollie lives with her brother, William, and teaches Benny and Lula. I correspond with her. She does not like teaching at all; complains of the children not minding her, etc. Eunice is also teaching in Thomas county. Miss Mat says that she has at last struck her calling—that she makes an admirable teacher. Perhaps I ought not to have told this, but I hardly reckon it will find its way out of Scriven county. If it does, all I have to say is that it has a better tact at finding out roads than I have, *or Aunt Clara either*. Tom Hall is clerking for Mr. Pain in Quitman. Dan sent me word not long since that he was hoeing corn; quite a coming down, eh? Cousin Oscar writes to me frequently. He is vastly improved. I was surprised to find him excellent company on my visit home last summer. \* \* \* \* \*

There is a great stir and excitement in the city this week, caused from the voting and the like. 'Tis sad to think of the condition of our once lovely country. Oh, how sad that the grey-headed sires and matrons of the South, who have known nought but plenty and liberty, should in the winter of life have to labor hard and still gain but a scanty subsistence, and go down to their graves leaving the country they have loved so well at the mercy of tyrants. Sad that the fertile hills and plans of Dixie will no more yield an abundant harvest to the honest farmer. I thought war and tyranny, want and famine, curses only to be read of or dreamed of, but alas! they are realities, stern, bitter realities as the sunny South knows to her sorrow. But let's return to things more pleasant. Tiny Park is in

school. We room together. I find her a very smart, studious, sweet and agreeable girl. By the way she sends much love.  
\* \* \* \* \*

I believe there is nothing that I can tell you about the fashions yet awhile. There has been but little spring dressing displayed as yet. True I have seen several spring hats, and if you will take almost any kind of a white straw hat and sleep in it all night you will have a splendid imitation, if not the exact shape. I think I shall not get me a bonnet this summer. I want a hat once more at least. Small hoops are to be worn and gored dresses, either short or trains, as you like. The latest style is for the *young ladies to walk with sticks*.

Mr. Jewett brought to the college not long since a good many Chinese curiosities to show to the girls and to my astonishment and disgust I found out that the Chinese ladies are far ahead of us in the fashions, for upon placing up a teacup I found thereon a head of a woman with her hair arranged waterfall fashion. The cup was sent from China, too, the first year of the war. Is not this humiliating to the pride of all fashionables?

Now I have written you a long letter to make up for my long neglect. Perhaps it is too long unless it was better. I hope you will not get wearied at the length. I sat down to write you a long letter and I thought I would carry out my resolution. I am aware that I did not choose a fashionable sized sheet of paper, but as the letter had to pass through so many hands before reaching you I thought best to have it all on one piece. Tell me how to direct your letters and write as soon as you can. Much love to Uncle Robert and the remainder of the family.

Your loving niece,

FANNIE.



## Spring

LUCIA SAMMONS, '24

*Spring, loveliest season of the year  
With velvet footsteps draweth near.*

*O, greet her!*

*Spring, with all her wond'rous powers  
Of budding trees and springing flowers,*

*Now is come.*

*Charming both in tears and mirth,  
She cheers and brightens mother earth,*

*Fairy Spring!*

*We place the laurel on thy brow,  
With thankful hearts to thee we bow,*

*O Noble Spring.*

*Thou bringest Sunshine to the land  
To stir the flowers and heart of man,*

*Gentle Spring.*

*We greet thee with a happy song,  
Welcome, welcome, bless us long,*

*Glorious Spring!*

## Ireland's Place in Literature

REBECCA RAY, '25.

For many centuries Ireland has played no small part in the literary activity of the British domains, but, on account of her dependence upon England, there has been a lack of national and individual consciousness. The generation which succeeded the Anglicised Irish writers of the eighteenth century was the first conscious expression of a national feeling since the passing of Gaelic as a literary medium. In spite of such fine personalities as William Carleton and Thomas Davis, the early nineteenth century was associated chiefly with "the stage Irishism" of Charles Lever, and the fierce political nationalism of the patriot poets of "The Nation." It was not until the eighties that this nationalism made way for nationality, and a literature of the latter came into existence. However, to know Ireland's place in literature is to know Ireland and her relation to the great forces which have been concerned with her literature. These movements, or forces, are those which have had important relations with the drama, with the revival of Gaelic as the language of daily speech, with the economic and social reform, and with the political thought.

The rise of the language movement and the return to Celtic sources have a color and tradition to the new literature unknown to the older exponents of Nationalism, and made it more akin to the Gaelic than the English genius. By the term, Anglo-Irish dialect is meant English as it is spoken in Ireland. It is in spite of the self-consciousness, in spite of the world influences felt, and in spite of the criticism, that the Irish poets and writers (who are truly Anglo-Irish) are beginning it all over again in the alien tongue. They no longer delight in the "ink horn" terms of the English literary succession, but in the rich language of a people affected very little by book-lore, remembering something of the syntax and rhythm of the Gaelic, and inventing from things unknown at first hand.

Most of us have never thought of the Irish Renaissance as being anything but a movement born of the early political enthusiasms of William Butler Yeats, taking the direction of its



thought from him, laboring at first in verse and in the revival of a nearly dead language, and later in the creation of a body of dramatic material. Probably we have always thought of it merely as an intellectual revival removed from life and its problems. This idea, however, does not recognize the fact that the Renaissance in Ireland is the expression of a social synthesis, having its foundation in political and social history, and concerned as much with economic progress as it is with the art by which it is best known. A close relation exists between the various phases of the movement, literary, dramatic, economic, and social, for all of them have been inspired by a common aim, the reconstruction of Irish life. In order to understand the Renaissance it is necessary to review the century preceding it.

The end of the seventeenth century witnessed the final and complete fall of the once powerful bardic order, and the making of verses in the native tongue was left to a few scattered individuals and to the bulk of the peasantry who had not lost the Gaelic tongue. They were able to sing of their sorrows, their hopes and their loves, thereby forming a body of folk-poetry, which has only in recent years been made a subject of study. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century that part of Ireland in which English was the native language possessed no distinctly national literature. With Thomas Moore, whose lyrics were written for Irish music, and with Maria Edgeworth, whose novels are the first expression in prose of an interest in the life of the Irish peasant, a start had been made in the creation of a distinctly national literature.

Following Moore came a few transtalors from the Irish, chief among them being J. J. Callahan. These were followed by the poets of "Young Ireland," who were a group of young intellectuals that followed O'Connell until the day came when all hope of a successful revolution was lost. Then, Young Ireland split into two parties, one of which, with Thomas Davis, the leader, attempted a moral and intellectual reform. Davis, himself a poet of no small ability, was a propagandist, and founded a paper, "The Nation," in which appeared the verse and prose from which his political philosophy arose.

Meanwhile, the disastrous revolution of 1848 was succeeded by the great famine of 1849, the passing of the Coercion Acts by the English government, the great emigration to America, and, finally, the rise of the Fenian party. Its literary productivity was small, but it had a wide influence over political reform. In the year 1889, the year in which the representative writers of the Fenian party, W. Allingham and Ellen O'Leavy died, W. B. Yeats published his "Wanderings of Oisín," and Douglas Hyde, "A Book of Gaelic Stories." It is from the publication of these two books that both the revival of Gaelic and the revival of Irish literature written in English date. Then, came the great awakening era of the renaissance.

The literature of the Celtic Renaissance has been mainly the creation of poets and dramatists, and in review it shows a somewhat unequal appearance due to the absence of prose writers. The novel has fared badly but criticism has fared worse, being unrepresented, except for the essays of John Eglington, and others of less importance. It appears that impartial criticism is an unusually delicate task in a small country like Ireland, when the intellectual center is confined to a restricted area, and personal relations are unavoidable. Nevertheless, it seems that the Irish reviews have not refused to publish the most candid criticism. Thus if this material has been lacking it is the fault of the critics.

The effect upon the literature of the smaller countries of the absence of critical judgment, publicly expressed, has been that honest criticism prefers to remain silent when it cannot praise. Consequently, there is a lack of intellectual discipline which allows the good and mediocre to struggle on equal terms for recognition. In Ireland they have become accustomed to hearing Irish writers either enthusiastically advertised by the English press, or denounced as imposters. Thus, as long as Ireland allowed her criticism to be written for her by journalists in England there was a contempt for Irish literature abroad.

Anglo-Irish literature, as a whole, has not grown up to meet the desires of Celticism, but to meet the need of Ireland for self-expression. The main purpose of the literary revival has not been to contribute to English literature, but to create a national literature for Ireland, in the language which has



been imposed upon her—a circumstance which disposes of the theory that Ireland is merely an intellectual province in England. In their operation all the forces, both artistic and social, have interacted, and often the lines between them seem almost indistinguishable. In the field of art the more clearly indicated divisions are criticism and the revival of Gaelic, poetry, the drama, and the novel.

Poetry was the first of the literary forms to attract the writers of the Celtic Renaissance. Also, poetry has given to Ireland what may well be its most enduring art. The theme common to all poets was that concerned with the awakening of a race consciousness in Ireland. This national ideal has received many interpretations and expressions. With Yeats and "O. E.," with Lionel Johnson and Thomas MacDonagh, it has been identified with the vision of spiritual life, and taken the legends of the past.

The dramatic movement in Ireland has undergone a curious change since the twenty-three years since its beginning. It began as an attempt to produce literary plays. Then, with Yeats as a dominating spirit, it was hoped that a school of writers would create a folk-drama and poetic plays founded upon legendary lore. This influence suffered a change with the coming of Synge. Realism took the place of romance. The new playwrights have concentrated their attention upon the life of today. The tradition of "Celticism" has almost wholly disappeared from contemporary Irish drama. About the only followers of Yeats, who are of any importance, are Lady Gregory, whose historical plays are not especially valuable as literature, nor especially powerful as drama, and William Sharp, most of whose plays are still unproduced. In expression, the newer dramatists have followed the beginning made by Dr. Hyde, continued by Lady Gregory, and for the first time employed by Synge. In doing so, they fulfilled one of the visions of Yeats, who desired a folk-theater. It is the Abbey theater and the Abbey playwrights which are doing the most noteworthy work that is being done for the English speaking stage today.

W. B. Yeats has been the most prolific essayist of the renaissance, while J. Eglington has proven himself the most logically analytical thinker the Irish movement produced. His prose is clear and brilliant, and his books are said to be among the most valuable contributions to modern thought.

The political history of Ireland since the Act of Union has been a story of continual struggle for home rule. As we know, the Home Rule Bill was signed in 1914, but its operation was postponed until after the duration of the World War. Then, certain actions of the English government convinced the young Irishmen that England's promises were invalid. This resulted in a revolution during which, Thomas MacDonagh, poet, critic, and playwright, P. H. Pearse, James Connolly, and other noted literary men were all shot.

The period of the renaissance may be said to close with the rebellion. What the final literary result will be cannot be determined. Whatever it produces will be the fruits of the renaissance. For, it has borne a new thought, a new literature, a new economy, a new social philosophy, and even a new nation in Ireland.



## Where Science Turns to Art

MARY K. READ, '25.

Leaf-brown and frost-bitten orange and red—even the grey-blue haze that hung low over the middle-distant hills,—all were there in the brisk figure swishing along through the bright fallen leaves that buried the narrow woods trail even as they would be covered on the morrow.

Fauna Rhodes looked the child of October that she was. Her soft brown bobbed hair flared from under the felt hat turned-down to frame a sturdy tanned face, where scarlet lips and flushed cheeks were topped by the greyest-blue eyes that ever looked from a black silk fringe to thrill the heart of mere man.

Not that this particular pair of eyes did that often; Fauna's botanizing did not involve very many of the genus homo,—unless one counted the keen-gazing, flora-chasing sort who were too intent on their common search for perfect specimens to notice whether their companion's eyes were grey, brown, or sky-blue-pink. To them she was Fauna Rhodes, B. S., and the youngest member of the Scott Seminary scientific faculty—nothing more.

Still, when two people, striding along in opposite directions with eyes ground-fast, seeking respectively flora and the solution of the difficult problem of how to tell a girl you don't love her any more,—when two such come into sudden and violent contact on a single-track Autumn path, it is quite possible they will make some kind of reciprocal discovery.

Fauna and the head of the department of English literature did. For instance, he sensed the full force of the tingle that danced up and down his vertebrae and then tripped in a magic circle somewhere beneath his fifth rib—all because one pair of outsize sea-and-ashes eyes were looking with startled intensity into his own sunny brown ones.

And she? Well, even at such close range, one could not help but remark how very clear and sunwashed was the look from behind the horn-rims of Dr. Lawrence Birch (Ph. D. from Harvard the winter before, though he hardly looked decrepit enough for an M. A.)

The result was that the arms he had instinctively thrown around his partner in collision tightened their grip for a fraction of an instant, then fell to his side, ashamed to have clouded for even so infinitesimal a space the serene depths of the eyes that still looked up into his.

"I-I-beg your pardon," was all the master of English could say to excuse himself, as he stood aside for her to pass.

But even the perfect courtesy of her, "Certainly. You couldn't help it," did not keep both of them from flushing at the unintentional double "entendre."

\* \* \* \* \*

Neither did the fact that he had at last written the long-dreaded letter to the girl in Boston and should have slept the sleep of the conscience-clear keep the head of the department of English literature from dreaming open-eyed into the grey dawn, of leaf-brown fluff and mist-blue depths, with a tantalizing dash of scarlet very near.

Perhaps that was why he and his little morocco-bound "Poems of Robert Browning" headed for the strip of red-and-gold-and-brown woods the very next afternoon—early. And maybe that was the reason one of them looked sad and glorified all at once when they came back—alone. Also that may account for Dr. Lawrence Birch's "Oh!" when the president mentioned at dinner that all the scientific faculty (so far as L. R. Birch, Ph. D. was concerned) was up at Boston for the week-end attending the annual meeting of the American Botanical Association.

At any rate, it is an established fact that the following Friday afternoon (and some people actually call it an unlucky day!) Fauna Rhodes, digging with undue concentration at some plants beside a deep pool, was astonished to notice the abrupt appearance of a grey-trouserer, horn-rimmed, crisp-haired reflection in the placid depths before her.

She sat back on her heels and turned her head to see what species this intruder was. Encountering only an unusual length of grey trouser-leg, she looked up—and up. Did you ever try it? If so, you need not be told that by the time Fauna's gaze had reached the shield and dagger on the grey tweed vest, Fauna herself was seated most informally at the feet of Dr. Lawrence Birch.



"Oh!" remarked the botanist.

"Oh, my dear!" elaborated the Ph. D., as he gathered her up into his arms and held her there against his madly-pounding heart.

"Fauna—Fauna Rhodes," he whispered. "I love you—all of me, always. Would you marry a professor?"

"Perhaps—"

The rest of her reply was forcibly cut off, but only momentarily. Then she added, "If he'd promise not to bowl me over or knock me down *every* time he met me."

## Editorial

EUNICE THOMSON, '25.

Shure, and it's beginnings we would be talking of this time, b'gorry!

What a number of things are just beginning—had you ever stopped to think of it? Why everything's beginning! There are all of those "full-of-golden-opportunity" days that chapel speakers proclaim, which, if they are not quite beginning yet, are almost ready to! There are crepe dresses and hockey, new rules, and bandannas, and, best of all—Springtime! You can hardly believe it, to be sure, but it's true, and if we had time to run down to the library we would find an appropriate bit of verse to prove it!

Funny, isn't it, how Springtime changes everything? She is a wilful tenant of this old World, who hasn't the least respect for her predecessor's taste at all, but begins at once rearranging everything to suit herself. It isn't only the flowers and trees that she touches either, for all of us, at the first song of the robin, have a queer, unexplainable feeling that "things are going to be different now." We emerge from the gloomiest winter, full of examinations and heartaches, cold, blustering winds and unresponsive radiators; we don a new gingham dress, and lo! with it, a new view of life altogether!

It's a good thing too, this starting again. It gives us a chance to show the best that is in us, and keeps us going, on the force of it, until something else starts us anew.

When life in one place becomes dull, and his credit wears thin, the gypsy pulls up the stakes of his canvas tent and moves on to begin life again somewhere else.

We're tired of winter and discouragements! Let's pull up our stakes and move into the first month of Spring, and begin things again!



## Y. W. C. A. Notes

*"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."*

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February has been an eventful month with the Y. W. C. A. Everything from Valentine parties to a Student Volunteer Conference has occupied the attention of the girls.

If you had peeked in on the little children at the Vineville Methodist Orphanage the Wednesday afternoon before Saint Valentine's Day you would have witnessed a jolly scene. Scissors, paper lace, red hearts, coloring pencils, paste and everything that goes toward making pretty Valentines would have greeted you. The very atmosphere seemed full of the spirit of Saint Valentine as each child worked busily fashioning her Valentines or laboriously writing a jingle from Cupid on the finished product. Those Valentines were for the party which was to be given on Saint Valentine's Day by the Social Service Committee of the Wesleyan Y. W. C. A.

Such a party! Plenty of ice cream and cake for everyone and—oh, so many Valentines—even some of the big shiny kind that come from the stores! There could not have been found a happier crowd of kiddies anywhere.

But that is not all. On Wednesday morning, February 14, a very impressive Valentine service was held in the gymnasium for the negro servants. An interesting feature of the program was the story of the origin of Saint Valentine's Day told by Miss Ruth Field. But most impressive was the short devotional led by Miss Ruth Holden. She told how Christ was in reality the first Valentine in that He was a Gift of Love. In distributing Valentines to each negro present, Miss Holden said: "We are giving you these because we love you."

After the program an amusing contest was held which consisted in the putting together of bits of a "broken" paper heart. A comic Valentine was given as a prize. Heart-shaped candy and little cakes were served as refreshments.

During the week-end of February 9-11, Wesleyan's student body was minus eighteen of its members. These eighteen at-

tended the Conference of the Georgia Student Volunteer Union held at Brenau College, Gainesville, at that time.

It was a happy and inspired group that returned from the Conference Monday night. Happy because of the inspiration received there and, because of the knowledge that next year Wesleyan will be hostess to the Conference. Already plans are underway to make the 1924 Conference the greatest yet held.

Among the speakers that the delegates had the privilege of hearing were: Dr. J. F. Love, Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board; Dr. H. F. Williams, Secretary of Home Development, Presbyterian; Dr. W. F. Young, Professor of Missions, Emory University, Methodist; Mr. Milton Stauffer, Educational Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement; Rev. J. W. Hassell, Missionary to Japan, Presbyterian; Miss Ena Bridges, former Missionary to Persia, Baptist; and Miss Mabel Whitehead, Missionary to Japan, Methodist.

Interesting reports of the Conference from Social and Religious standpoints were made to the student body by Misses Mary Wilson, Leona Letson, and Margaret Burghard in the chapel hour Friday morning, February 24.

The Committee on Religious Meetings has been unusually fortunate this month in securing prominent speakers for the vesper services. Miss Florence Bernd, a teacher at Lanier High School, delighted a large audience with an illustrated lecture on Florentine art, February 18. Miss Bernd recently spent some time in Florence, Italy, where she made a study of Italian art, and especially of the famous Madonnas painted by the world's greatest artists.

Mrs. Florence E. Atkins, a prominent leader in the Women's Christian Temperance Union, spoke Sunday evening, February 26. She was a most attractive speaker. Immediately following her talk, Mrs. Atkins was entertained by the Y. W. C. A. cabinet with a beautiful supper in Miss Halstead's studio. The studio was prettily decorated with smilax and cut flowers. The soft lights of candles made the room even more beautiful. A lovely salad course was served.



For the last month a series of interesting talks has been given at the Tuesday evening vester services on the different cloaks that most of us are inclined to wear. Miss Ruth Field spoke on the "Cloak of Hypocrisy," Miss Floy Cook on the "Cloak of Indifference," Miss Rebekah Oliphant on "The Cloak of Pride," and Miss Roline Trimble on "The Cloak of Purity."

The Y. W. C. A. co-operated with the Department of Physical Education in conducting Health Week, February 26 to March 2. The Publicity Committee assisted in keeping the week before the minds of the students by means of attractive posters. Through the efforts of Miss Earnestine Grote, Physical Director, the girls had the privilege of hearing talks by four of Macon's most prominent health experts: Dr. Clark, Dr. Anderson, Dr. Holmes Mason, and Dr. Pennington.

The Executive Committee of the Georgia Student Volunteer Union will hold its first meeting at Wesleyan March 3 and 4. The committee members were recently elected at the Brenau Conference. They are:

Marvin H. Harper, President.....	Emory University
Miss Florence Johnson, Vice-President....	Bessie Tift College
O. K. Webb, Treasurer.....	Mercer University
Miss Emmie Ficklin, Secretary.....	Agnes Scott College
Miss Mary Crane, Editor.....	Wesleyan College

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The Y. W. C. A. had as its guest Tuesday evening, February 18, Mrs. George Matthews. Mrs. Matthews is an alumna of Wesleyan and was at one time president of the Y. W. C. A.

## Locals

GRACE WOODWARD, *Editor.*

As the sun sets and darkness covers this, the last day of February, ye scribe faces once more the reality that the birth of a new day closes one month and not even a line of 'locals' available. There is enough to be pecked out but,

Thanks to Leap Year  
With all its matremoine  
For not coming  
At this particular time  
For if we had to write  
Another line  
We might go mad.  
Much might be said on both sides  
Therefore read on  
The surfaces of these pages  
And then between  
The lines, for  
There is more between  
Than in.

\* \* \* \*

The feature event of the month's program was the concert given Mischa Levitski, Russian tone-poet and wizard of the key-board, acknowledged as one of the greatest musicians of his age.

This music phenomenon stirred his audience with his interpretations of the world's masterpieces, his superb tone-coloring and his masterful technique, and with it all he did not fail to make his hearers recognize the worth of his art, for after a program, itself lasting over two hours, he played encore after encore, his audience growing wilder with each selection. Ten times and ten times more he returned to the stage and finally leaving Macon music-lovers eager to hear more of his music.

His program was:

Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue .....	Bach
Melody from Orfee .....	Gluck-Sgambati
Etudes Symphonies .....	Schumann



The Fountain .....	Ravel
Girl With the Flaxen Hair.....	Debussy
Etude in D Flat Major; Etude in A Flat Major; Etude in C Major; Prelude A Major; Asherzo in C Sharp Minor .....	Chopin
Gavotte in Old Style .....	Levitski
La Jongleuse .....	Moszkowski

\* \* \* \*

One and one equals two; but there was one night when it didn't. That particular night was when the Wesleyan girls and Rotarians banqueted together, in the Wesleyan dining hall.

From 7:30 o'clock when they paired off to go to the dining hall until 10:30 when they sang Good Night Ladies, they were all Rotary-Annes. There was the celestial laughter, tooting of horns, jesting, singing and merry-making, characteristic of the Rotary-Wesleyan banquet.

In the entertainment, competition was everywhere. To begin with, Miss Eunice Thomson proved herself the longest-winded of the Wesleyan basketeers when she was the first to blow up and burst a large balloon. For this she was awarded a shampoo cloth.

Misses Frances Mims, Marjorie Baker, Elizabeth McRae, and Marie Wilson were awarded beautiful prizes in drawing contests.

Miss Lillian Whitman, who succeeded in out-spelling all the rest of the faculty, was presented a silver bar-pin.

Perhaps the most interesting contest of all was won by Miss Mildred Baird when she succeeded in 'catching' T. W. Hooks, the distinguished bachelor of the club.

Miss Floy Cook welcomed the Rotarians to the college and J. Ellsworth Hall, president of the club, responded.

An elaborate dinner was served by Mrs. Harriett Hudgings, who was presented a five-pound box of candy as a token of appreciation.

The evening's entertainment was climaxed when comet-like, various colored ribbon confettie was thrown, forming a veritable Mardi Gras.

\* \* \* \*

"The more one is forbidden to love the more one loves" was the key-note to the comedy, "The Romancers," presented by the Wesleyan Dramatic club in the chapel February 5.

Under the direction of Miss Anne C. Wallace, head of the department of expression, the talented young dramatists gave Rostrand's play, the story of which is a romance of the lovers, Precinet and Sylvette, who lived adjoining estates. Planning the marriage of the two children in the disguise of antagonism, a sure means of obtaining their end, the fathers of the lovers, Bergamin and Posquinet, erected a rock wall between the two estates. This being found a very slight obstacle to be overcome by love, the fathers trained Percinet in heroism by the abduction of Sylvette. Accidently the young couple discovered that the abduction was planned. The glamour of romance was tarnished; Percinet ran away, in the absence Sylvette was assured that her love was real. Percinet returned. They schemed the elopement, which climaxed the story.

The success of the play showed able direction on the part of Miss Wallace and the marked skill and talent on the part of the cast which was:

Percinet .....	Nell Lester
Straforel .....	Lucile Killingsworth
Benjamin .....	Mable Campbell
Pasquinet .....	Winefred Rosser
Sylvette .....	Anne Maude Wilkinson
Blaise .....	Jeffie Fincher

\* \* \* \*

The Freshmen pricked the bubble of the Senior's dream February 1, when the score board read 23—21 at the end of the championship game of the basket-ball season.

The gymnasium, palpitating with the roar of class yells, and throbbing with excitement, was packed as never before, mamas, papas, Mercer men and sweethearts were there.

From the time that the whistle blew for the first half of the game it was nip and tuck for either side to outscore the other by much margin, for the first goal, shot by Mamie Harmon, Freshman captain, followed by a foul goal shot for her side, was soon tallied by a pretty throw by Floy Cook, Senior. The first



half found the Freshmen leading with a score of 13, with the Seniors trailing at their heels with a close score of 11.

During the second half, the Seniors found the Harmon-Stubbs-Richards pass work invincible and during that period did not recover sufficiently to gain the lead. The blowing of the whistle during the second half found Freshman Wilder ejected for four personal fouls. In a breath Harmon had Mildred Jackson in her own shoes as forward, Moore guarding the foe, and she was ready to jump at the next tossing of the ball in the center. The change did not rattle the players in the least but rather proved their versatility for they copped the battle by a count of 23—20 in the final score.

Excellent work was done on the part of the Seniors although the calling of the game did not find their team in the best condition for the fight.

The line-up and summary was as follows:

Freshmen (23)	Position	(20) Seniors
Harmon (9) .....	R. F.....	(18) Cook
Richards (12) .....	L. F.....	(2) Baird
Moore .....	C.....	Glenn
Stubbs .....	S. C.....	Higdon
Wilder .....	R. G.....	Boulton
Riley .....	L. G.....	Wilson

Substitutes: Freshmen—Mildred Jackson (2) for Lucile Wilder; Seniors—None.

\* \* \* \*

With "Modern Arabian Night" as her subject, Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of William Jennings Bryan, and wife of Major Owen, of the British army, captivated her audience with her charm as she sketched for them the campaign of the British forces in their re-capture of Jerusalem and Palestine.

Mrs. Owen spoke authoritatively and forcefully, describing the expedition into Egypt across the desert, up the Judean hills and into the Holy City and interpreting the casualty list, in the three years war, in men rather in numbers, and as she protested against war as the method of settling international quarrels and disputes, she won the favor of her hearers, which

was composed of Macon People and a large body of Wesleyan girls.

\* \* \* \*

With all the pep and enthusiasm that can be packed in their seventeen young lives, the Wesleyan Student Volunteers boarded the train Brenau-ward February 9 for the annual conference which was held there.

And with the same enthusiasm the crusaders returned for they received what they expected—a hearty welcome-come-again, a splendid meeting, and an acceptance to the invitation to hold the 1924 conference at Wesleyan. Another great honor is theirs and Wesleyan's, Miss Mary Crane was chosen Editor of the Georgia Volunteer, the publication gotten out by this body. Miss Crane is also Y. W. C. A. Editor of the Wesleyan.

Those who attended the meeting were: Alma Caudill, Mary Crane, Leona Letson, Mary Wilson, Sarah Clark, Kathleen Bardwell, Pearl Woodruff, Margaret Burghard, Kwe-Yuin Kiang, Fannie Bell Outler, Louise Ballard, Celia Bozeman, Lessie Mae Hall, Mary Lou Barnwell, Ruth Field and Mary Bennett.

\* \* \* \*

“A thousand miles away from home,  
And don't even know my name!”

When the Senior class pulled off its burlesque of the Emory Glee Club on Friday night, Pamp Holder, impersonating Red Talley as “carrots,” sang the foregoing ditty, which has been ringing in our ears ever since. Pamp was but one of the stars in the ‘aggregation’ of features which won for the class the well known title “The South's Sweetest Singers.”

The curtain rose on the club singing three old favorites, Three O'clock, Swing Low and The Coca-Cola School with its jolly chorus.

“We're allowed to have no soirees  
We never fling a dance,  
And as for all the spicy shows  
We haven't even got a chance  
But when it comes to slinging bull  
I guess we hold our ground



For if bull were only water,  
This would be a seaport town.

Then followed the cowbells by the furious four: A song by 'Mr.' Glenn with guitar accompaniment: The Seven Veils, to the tune of Indianola (which did very well in lieu of Orientale). Pamp with her engaging melody; and above all the March of the Blockheads!

Heralded by the stirring notes of the Parade of The Wooden Soldiers, the eight stiff figures advanced in military order, to the delight of the audience, executed the parade in grim earnestness, and stalked away, in perfect rhythm with the music by Millie Baird, club accompanist. Balieff himself would have signed up the crew on the spot, we no doubt, for no Bat Theatre this side of Moscow ever witnessed such perfectly wooden soldiers.—Macon Telegraph.

\* \* \* \*

The Executive Board of the Georgia Division of the Student Volunteers met at Wesleyan March 2-3 for the planning of work for the year. As a member of the Board, Miss Mary Crane acted as hostess. Mr. Marvin Marper and Mr. A. C. Floyd, of Emory University, made splendid talks at chapel and vespers while here. The visiting delegates were entertained by the local division at a delightful supper Sunday night.

\* \* \* \*

During the month interesting talks have been made at chapel by F. Roger Miller, Ex-Secretary of the Macon Chamber of Commerce, who spoke on "Women in Georgia;" Nicholas Brewer, noted painter and lecturer on art; Dr. W. K. Greene, recently returned from Harvard where he completed work for his doctorate.

\* \* \* \*

Thrilled by the announcement that the birthday of George Washington would be celebrated by a holiday, about 300 books were slapped together with a not-to-be-opened-until-it-is-over expression on the faces of the diligent students Wednesday night, February 21.

Holidays are rare things at Wesleyan so it is hard to say how the day was spent,—but with the exception of the chapel hour, when an address was made by Dr. Russell Owen, pastor of the

First Baptist Church, all day the tennis courts were crowded, the swimming pool over-flowing and the shops thronged with Wesleyan girls. Those who did not care to spend the birthday of the Veracious in this manner, read, studied or sewed.

\* \* \* \*

With red, heart-shaped boxes of candy, valentines, letters and specials of all kinds on every mail and a valentine dinner to crown the day, February 22nd was duly celebrated at Wesleyan. The dinner—it was one of those surprise affairs, with every detail to make it complete, from the huge red heart on the center of the table to the dainty desert, with the red heart in the center, the kind that Mrs. Hudgings always makes.

Miss Rebekah Oliphant read a graceful toast, composed impromptu, to Mrs. Hudgings. Then the various tables sang original ditties.

\* \* \* \*

A short but attractive program was presented in the chapel Saturday evening, March 3, by Misses Ailene Cone, Annie Mae Powell, and Aurelia Cooper, Juniors, in expression and candidates for the expression certificate.



## Alumnae Notes

MARGARET RICHARDS, *Editor*.

Of interest to members of the Alumnae Association and to students of the present day, is a notice received from Miss R. Louise Fitch, Membership Director of the American Association of University Women, headquarters at Washington, D. C. The A. A. U. W. is an organization of the Alumnae of the 130 A grade colleges in the United States. Its purpose is to unite the educational interests of college women throughout the country in such a manner that they may meet socially to form a new and further old friendships, to discuss all phases of education, art, music, law, home economics, social service, medicine, public health, journalism—in fact all those classified in a college catalogue. There is also a study of the ways in which educated women may be of service in adding culture and comfort to the communities in which they live. Scholarships are offered to worthy girls, and also fellowships for foreign study, in addition to the social side which will appeal especially to the young people.

Miss Fitch closes by saying, "If you, as a college graduate, have slipped away from college associations these can be easily and delightfully renewed by membership in this organization. If you are just leaving college it will give you at once a means of continuing your college and educational interests with other women who have the same interests."

Wesleyan is one of the 130 colleges which has met the requirements of the A. A. U. W. and many of our Alumnae are on the roll, and it is hoped that more representative Wesleyan women will become active members of this live-wire organization.

The members of the Alumnae Association were inexpressibly shocked and saddened to hear of the death of Mrs. William Lawson Peel, which occurred in Atlanta, February 19. Mrs. Peel was a representative Wesleyan woman, a prominent Atlantian, and a beloved Southern leader in civic and social life. It was through her efforts that the Joseph Habersham chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was established.

She was ex-vice-president of the national organization, besides being honorary life regent of the Habersham chapter and ex-regent of the state organization.

Mrs. Peel was always a staunch Southerner, but no better example of her ardent love for the Southland was afforded than when she was Lucy Cook, the school girl. During the Civil War, while she was at Wesleyan, she wore mourning when the Northern troops invaded Macon. One day she pinned a Confederate flag across the back of her dress, and marched defiantly down the street to church. And as the story goes, Mrs. Peel was unmolested.

\* \* \* \*

Ye Editor is both encouraged and inspired when some kind Alumna takes the trouble to enlighten her as to the achievements of a fellow classmate. Thanks to a member of the class of '15 who has not lost interest in college life and friends, the following data has been received.

Mrs. Joseph T. Board, nee Anita Morgan, is a missionary in Pinar del Rio, Cuba, where Reverend Board is pastor.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Edwin A. Bell, nee Evelyn Betts, lives in Thermopolis, Wyoming, where her husband is pastor of the Baptist church.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Dave H. Wall, nee Marie Buxton, is a live worker in the Cradle Roll Department of the Epworth Church, Savannah.

\* \* \* \*

The friends of Miss Martha King, a graduate of the class of '20, and Miss Lydie King, '25, will sympathize with them in the death of their father which occurred recently.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Maude Bradley, of Bradley, Georgia, was married to Mr. Arthur Lee, of Macon. Dr. W. F. Quillian officiated. Miss Harriet Flanders, of Wesleyan, sang "At Dawning" and Miss Mildred Anderson was maid of honor.

After a trip to Atlanta, Mr. and Mrs. Lee will live in Macon, Georgia.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Jessie Margaret Jones, of St. Mathews, S. C., was married recently to Mr. John T. Sinkey, of New York City.



The ceremony was performed at the St. Mathews parsonage, by the bride's father.

After the ceremony the young couple left for Ohio, the native state of the groom, where they will spend their honeymoon. They will make their home at 131 Twenty-fifth Street, Elmhurst, Long Island.

The bride while at Wesleyan won an enviable record in the art and expression departments. She painted some very beautiful tapestries, and later took a post-graduate course in art at Cooper Union, New York.

Mr. Sinkey was graduated from the Ohio University, and is a popular official of the National City Bank, of New York, where he holds a responsible position in the Foreign Department of that institution.

\* \* \* \*

Other recent newly-weds are Mrs. Albert Teague, formerly Miss Christine Glenn, who is now living in Atlanta; Mrs. Claude Wiggins, who was Miss Bessie Mae Chandler, of Macon; Mrs. Harris, who was formerly Miss Emillee Dickey.

\* \* \* \*

The past week-ends have made one think of Thanksgiving because of the number of visitors who drifted back to their Alma Mater. After the handshaking and the good-byes and the smoke of welcome had cleared away, it was remembered that Miss Anna Winn had visited her sister, Ellen; Miss Elizabeth Paine was at home once more in 4th Tower; Miss Janie Lee Gardner and Miss Henrietta Collings were among the "enthusiasts" who heard Levitski; and Miss Elizabeth Clanton and Miss Louise Burnley were recent visitors.

\* \* \* \*

Misses Frances Felton and Josephine Franklin, after a stay of several months in New York, said they were "mighty glad" to be back at Wesleyan once again, and see all the "home folks."

\* \* \* \*

We are always glad to see our old friends. Come again and come oftener!

## Exchange Department

MILDRED SHELTON, *Editor.*

"The Willow Path," of Colgate University, is a magazine of real worth. The make-up of the magazine is splendid as a whole, and the attractive cuts are a real addition. The stories are rich in local color, particularly "The Heart of Jade." "The Hills" has the best rounded plot in the issue, and although the ending is relentless, the story is true to the school of realism. "Oil on the Sea of Matrimony" is amusing and the humor is genuine, the O. Henry ending is a real surprise and makes the story thoroughly attractive. "The Death Ring" is rather hectic but a good story nevertheless. The advertisements mixed up with the excellent book reviews detract decidedly.

The Davidson College Magazine issued a splendid number the first semester. A reader of "Eyes" is decidedly reminded of Poe and the atmosphere is well woven into the entire story. The two poems in prose are a real asset to the magazine. Mr. Erwin in his article "The One Act Play" handles his subject well and his criticisms are apt. "Politics" is a story worth reading. The personality of the characters are outstanding. "Uncle Ben" is particularly well drawn. The magazine is well balanced.

We acknowledge "The Messenger;" "The Kentucky Wesleyan;" "The Technician;" "The Georgia Cracker;" "Wofford College Journal."



## Catch-All

DOROTHY HIGHTOWER, *Editor*.

How often from my dreams I wake  
 And listen to the window shake  
 While all the nerves within me quake  
     I lie and battle.

Then from my mattress soft I get—  
 Across the splinty floor I flit  
 And jerk the window down a bit  
     To stop the rattle.

Then swiftly back to bed I creep  
 Methinks to get a bit of sleep  
 Before I madly have to leap  
     To meet the rising bell.  
 But I have hardly settled down  
 When on my ear there falls a sound—  
 Within the room it vibrates round.  
     My words I'd hate to tell.

My room-mate, as all room-mates do,  
 Sleeps calmly on the whole night through,  
 Nothing can her from Morpheus woo  
     No matter how near by.  
 By now my thoughts aren't quite so tender,  
 And I mutter, "If fate don't hinder  
 I will bust that doggone window  
     Or know the reason why."

\* \* \* \*

Fresh—Day of Washington Birthday Party. "Are you helping them decorate the parlors?"

Senior—"No, I'm doing interior decorating."

Fresh—"How's that?"

Senior—"I'm fixing the refreshments."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Whitman in German class—"Miss Cook decline 'a man.' "

S. J. while hiking saw S. C. walking a fence.

S. J.—“Sarah what on earth are you doing up there?”

S. C.—“Why I’m trying to fall off.”

\* \* \* \*

In the Library one night some of the students were diligently studying when the melodious sounds of a French horn in the hands of a beginner fell upon their ears. “Oork, oork toot, oork—. The quiet was completely shattered by the doeful tune.

1st Sufferer—“What in the world is she trying to do?”

2nd Sufferer—“Sounds to me like she is trying to put the ‘Oork’ in orchestra.

\* \* \* \*

Party out walking—come to place where roads intersect.

Freshman, pointing to one of the roads—“Where does that road go?”

Sophomore, Sadly—“I’ve been standing here for the last half an hour but it hasn’t gone anywhere yet.”

\* \* \* \*

F. C.—“What did he talk about in chapel?”

W. M.—“About an hour.”

\* \* \* \*

“There’s something fishy about this,” said the girl as she entered the Zoo lab.

\* \* \* \*

Girl to Librarian—“I want ‘Cottage Cheese’.”

Librarian—“Cottage Cheese?”

Girl—“That’s what Dr. Moore said.” (Goes to find out, then returns). “Oh I made a mistake. It was ‘Scottish Chiefs.’”

\* \* \* \*

M. B. C. coming into room and finding room-mate standing in the middle of floor—“What are you doing?”

M. B.—“I’m breathing.”

M. B. C.—“Oh yes, breathing through your diagram.”

\* \* \* \*

Librarian to group of girls—“If you can’t be more quiet you will have to leave the library.”

O. O. G.—“Well I didn’t intend to burden myself by taking it with me.”



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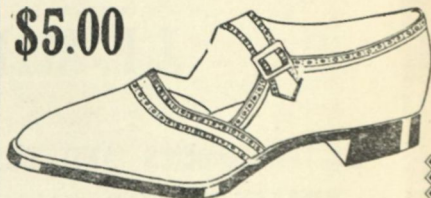
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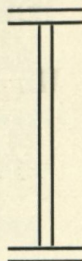
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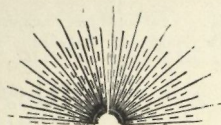
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YOU CAN PAY MORE BUT  
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For The Choicest Creations in

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**From the Foremost Centers of the World**

WE WANT EVERY WESLEYAN YOUNG LADY to know  
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Your presence will be welcomed.

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You Are Always Welcome  
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Everyone knows it. Every-  
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**We all love Wesleyan—  
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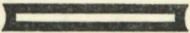
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Novelty Footwear for Women

Always First in Macon with  
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COATS, SUITS, DRESSES,  
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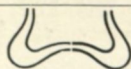
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The Home of the Wesleyan Girls and  
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Sodas, Ices, Ice Cream,  
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Whitman's  
Fine Candies

Nunnally's  
“THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH”

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A card for Mother—A card for Dad—  
A card for everyone can be had

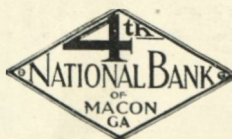
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DECORATIONS FOR EVERY BANQUET OR PARTY

Unique Novelties For Gifts

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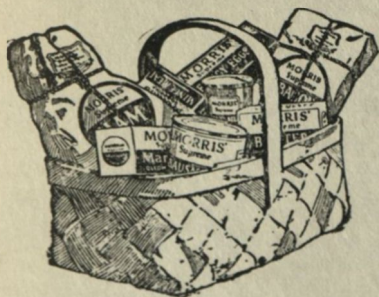
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